



# The Russian Florist



👁 97 ✓ 2 ★ 5

## Chapter 1 by Finn Moxcey

"Get out of here!" the landlord yelled as he threw the rent bills at me. I stare at him, frozen, stunned that he would just barge in and tell me to get out. Sure, I knew that I was a few weeks down on rent, but we both knew that I needed this place. I recover quickly just as he says "Take three things. The rest belongs to be. It will cover costs, and we will be even." I know that it's not worth it to protest, so I just gather the important things- a package of letters from home, a family photo, and my single loaf of **хлеб**.

## Chapter 2 by StarWolf8



I walk away from my home, confused. I have no idea what to do. I have no idea where to go. I have no idea who to ask for help. I have no idea how I'm going to figure this out. I glance over my shoulder. The landlord glares back at me. "Leave," his expression seems to say. "Leave, and never come back." I break into a run. I still have no idea where I'm running to, or what I'm going to do when I get there, but for now, I will run. I will run until I cannot run anymore. As I dash down the dirt path, I attempt to sort things out in my head and formulate a plan. I try to remember the main buildings in the surrounding villages. I think of who I know there that

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This man was said to have died five years ago.

### Chapter 3 by Swetha



Former Chief Inspector of OMON.

Winner of the Moscow marathon in 2000.

But most importantly, my elder brother.

Right here, in this dark abandoned street, stood the man who single handedly managed to save the entire country from a nuclear explosion. Right here, in this perfect scenario of a horror movie, stood the man who would never lose the arm fights I threw at him fifteen years ago.

I just couldn't believe my eyes.

"M-M-Mark?" I muttered while picking up my family photo from the ground. The reflection of the street light on the glass frame shone on his chiseled face.

He stared at me with the same old look. But this time, something was different. I immediately stare at his prominent wrinkles.

No, that was not it. His eyes spoke something else today.

"Your life is in danger. Run."

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